













# PROCLAMATION

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## PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Have Been Copied and Made  
into a Series of 16 Art Sections for  
the Benefit of the American People  
Through the *Sunday American*

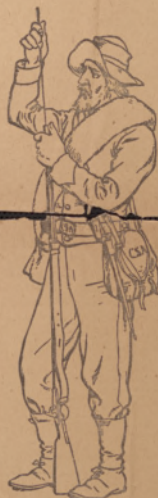


These Impressive Photographs Made by  
**BRADY, the Official Army Photographer**

By Appointment by President Lincoln

**AND SUPPLEMENTED BY ADDITIONAL WAR  
PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A PRIVATE COLLECTION**

Have now been gathered together  
by the War Memorial Association  
and will be issued to illustrate



### "A History of the Civil War"

By the Distinguished Historian, *Benson J. Lossing, LL.D.*

This Notable New History of the Rebellion, Illustrated by these Great Photographs of  
the Men and Scenes of 1861-1865, will be

Issued in a Series of 16 Weekly Art Sections

Full Details of How  
You Can Get Them In **Next Sunday's American**











# The Rest is Silence"



THE ocean of many tragedies holds in its silent depths another story of sorrow and heroism.

Two weeks ago to-night the Titanic settled slowly down through the deep miles of salt water, and now her broken hulk lies on the soft silt at the ocean's bed, there to remain through the ages, and gradually to be covered and obliterated as the falling dust that our planet encounters in space raises the ocean's floor.

Another story of the sea is told, another horror is added to the long list of great disasters.

And the story is the story told so often of folly, carelessness and neglect.

More than 1,000 dead, its below the water, hearts are broken, homes are destroyed, hopes are blighted, fathers and mothers and children are parted.

It is a dreadful, cruel and criminal story, hidden below the quiet waves.

The story is told, the chapter is finished and the book is closed.

There will be punishment, it is to be hoped, for those that are guilty, and comfort will come in time for those that are bereaved. But comfort as was displayed by the victims of the great disaster, men and women, went in time being consolation to those left behind.

The children of the fathers that would not save their own lives when duty told them to die, and the children of the noble women who preferred death with her husband to the widest kin, with all its wealth and the years gone, find the little part of nothing change gradually to peaceful and lasting remembrance and deep pride in those who died so bravely.

For the rest of the world for the millions whom the disaster did not touch personally, the lasting struggle will be this:

Every great disaster, every great affliction, rightly interpreted and rightly used, is a lesson and a help to all of the human race throughout the future.

No matter, no more, dies in vain. The safety and the progress of the world are built upon the afflictions and the sufferings of those that have gone before us.

The children of the men and women that died on the Ti-

## Our Heroes

By William Randolph Hearst.

IN the middle of the North Atlantic a giant iceberg lifts its white cliffs 500 feet in air. It towers like a mighty marble monument above the graves of 1,500 heroes who died that the women and children might be saved.

Soon this monument will dissolve and disappear, as sooner or later in the lapse of years all monuments disintegrate and disappear. But the memory of the noble deed of these brave and self-sacrificing men should live forever.

Sworn without need, without heed, without reckoning or reason into a disaster which meant inevitable death, these heroes thought not of their own safety, not of their own lives, but only of the lives and safety of the weak women and little children confided to their care.

Husbands embraced their wives, fathers kissed their children goodby,

and men who were leaving wives and children desolate far away at home labored to save the wives and children of companions in misfortune.

Even when the dear ones, the dependent ones, had been sent to safety in the lifeboats and had drifted away into the dark night, these true men, calm and courageous, stood alone upon the deck of the doomed ship and went down to death and to glory.

Who would not choose so glorious a death?

Who would not rather die a hero than live a coward?

One men have died as men should die. They performed their duty to their fellow men, their obligation to their God.

So may God reward them and may men remember them. And may the memory of them remain forever a noble record of past heroism for humanity, a splendid inspiration to future deeds of duty and devotion.

Little note, nor long remembrance, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have given us so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain.

Life is one great battle-field. This earth has been a field of battle through all the thousands of centuries of life here. And for many centuries to come it still must remain a field of battle.

Those that survive must find their comfort in the heroism of the dead. And the race must find its lesson and its growth in the experiences and the sufferings of the past.

Far out in the Atlantic Ocean there is a dreary coast, with here and there perhaps a broken ear or a floating body. Desolate and wide the ocean spreads beneath the dark sky, at the spot where the great ship sank.

But in all space, that ocean and the planet upon which it rolls, are but a speck.

Time is the real ocean, the ocean that has no limit to its depths, and that has no boundary.

The brave men and women of the Titanic are added to the heroes of that great ocean of time—the ocean that covers all the past, the ocean beneath whose waves brave men and women lie at rest, all the brave spirits that have lived honorably and died courageously on this planet.

It is a glorious thing for a man or a woman to have his name added to the list of those consecrated by time and by courage.

Every noble death does its good work. Other human beings will travel more safely, and many thousands of lives will be saved, as a result of the disaster so needless, so cruel.

Men are free to think, and their minds travel safely through the realm of speculation in days, because in the past thousands have been willing to die at home for the right to think and to speak.

To die for the truth, to die for duty, is the greatest privilege in this life.

And that was the privilege of those now added by the Titanic disaster to the immortal list of brave men and women.

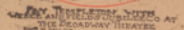
Life is a sport, a passing moment of light followed by darkness inevitable. Happy those who die on honorable and brave death, leaving to their children and their friends a memory of honor.

Charred, pale, red and agonized to the souls that were set free in the disaster two weeks ago.

May their memory and their example inspire for years to come those that are left to mourn.



MISS ENID LESLIE WITH  
CHARLES HASTY  
IN "DEAR OLD  
CHARLIE AT  
MAXINE  
ELLIOT'S  
THEATRE"



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**THE HOUSE MAID** at the Glodon Theatre, is a very pleasant affair, and Herr Gustav Grunwaldt's production gave us many interesting chapters of "light" romance and killing. Presumably there are many episodes in Germany and Austria just as good; it is also true that there are many more and much more good—far more! *Well*, German maids, when it is not of the "post-bellum" order, is very attractive. It is a relief to get away from ragtime and its accessories. It is satisfactory to have a change. To be sure, we have such composers as Engelhard, the Ave and Victor Herbert, right with us, but sometimes it is salutary to go into new grooves. The good man with the Austrian accent, who is the author of this production, is **DAK. DE. HANSEN**, a N.Y.C. born and bred, and a singing,